MANUFACTURE OF DYNAMITE.

A Dangerous Process and Buildings Are Widely Separated.

In the midst of a stretch of desolate sand dunes in Lake County, Ind., scarcely more than thirty miles from Chicago, is a spot which might well be the Mecca of the anarchist. Everywhere is sand—sand in beaches, hillocks, ridges and hills—and out of these drifting, shifting heaps rises smoke from the stacks of one of the largest plants in the country devoted to the manufacture of dynamite.

The tramp, the hobo and even the farmer folk of the neighborhood make wide circuits of the silent buildings, over which the smoke of time seems to take the form of that grim messenger, Death. It is a plague spot to those who look upon it from afar, but to those whose duty takes them into mixing houses, nitrators, acid works, packhouses and magazines in the plant of nearly 300 acres it is a place where wages are good, where employment is steady and where—even through the atmosphere of unceasing watchfulness and care—the spirit of gossip and laughter and song may find vent.

Each building is separated from the others by wide streets, in which sand embankments have been heaped as a further precaution against a possible explosion in one building communicating to another. Several tramway lines connect these structures, however, making the wide distances of small consequence in the matter of time. The whole plant is heated by steam and lighted by electricity, thus minimizing the dangers of fire, and with these general precautions the studied carefulness of employes in every department of the work is the price of safety in this ever-menacing occupation of dynamite making.

Few visitors have ever gone through these works. Few persons have ever expressed a wish to do so. As might readily be perceived, the machinery adapted to the manufacturing of dynamite, nitroglycerin, and gelatin has been slow in approaching perfection. It has grown by steps also as cautious as those by which the chemist has come to a knowledge of what will happen when he mixes two substances in a mortar.

In the early days of chemistry the stroke of a pestle in a mortar has sent a laboratory up in smoke, or blown it to fragments for idle winds. Today a chemical laboratory is a good fire risk, and the time may come when even a factory making dynamite will be allowed a site in a city block.

Both dynamite and gelatin are packed in paper shells that have been dipped in paraffin. The packing of dynamite cartridges is done by hand, while gelatin usually is packed by machine. Packers receive about $40 a month for this work and consider it comparatively free from danger. The mixing houses are considered most dangerous, although accidents are few even there. In one big plant near Chicago, which has been in operation more than twenty years, only eight men have been killed, and when it is considered that at times 200 men have been employed, it will be seen that dynamite workers are less liable to accident than are men in many other occupations that commonly are regarded as scarcely in the hazardous class.—Boston Journal.

AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND.

Alabaster Jar From Egypt Now in California University.

An alabaster jar, which men who study such things say once belonged to Unas, a long dead king, who flourished in Egypt in the days before history was written and many centuries before Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea, has fallen into the hands of the University of California. The old jar was recently dug up at Girga, in Egypt, by the men whom Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst has there unearthing ancient relics for the museum of the university.

The diggers were groping in the dust left by several milleniums in the grave of some important personage of Unas' time when they found the precious article, quite unexpectedly. The find has greatly pleased and encouraged the university excavators and Dr. George A. Reisner, who is at the head of the work in Egypt, has sent two boatloads of native diggers down the Nile from Keft to break into more of the ancient graves at the same place from which the King's jar was taken.

The university has obtained a concession from the Egyptian Government to dig up the whole of an old-time cemetery at Girga, most of the inhabitants of which have lain undisturbed for thousands of years. Another archaic cemetery has just been found this season at Girga, among them a bronze spearhead, forty centimetres long; a handful of gold foil and a pottery boat.

In one grave was found a pink limestone jar. In another were two boxes, both plundered in ancient times. The space around the boxes was, however, untouched and in it was found a row of jars filled with food for the use of the shades. Several carloads of ancient Egyptian relics and mummies have come to Berkeley and been stored in a warehouse erected for their accommodation near Hearst Hall.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A GOOD ONE ON GOODWIN.

How the Actor's Memory for Faces Made Him Treat.

Nat Goodwin, the actor, has a remarkable memory for faces and has frequently boasted among his friends that once he has seen a man and talked with him, even for a minute, he never forgets that man's face. This highly developed faculty was put to a triumphant test the other evening soon after the return of the actor from his European trip.

He was seated with a party of friends in a Broadway cafe when his attention became riveted upon a well-dressed man sitting at a table a short distance away.

"There's a man whose face is as familiar to me as though I had seen him but yesterday," remarked the comedian to his friends, "but for the life of me I cannot place him in my memory."

None of the party remembered ever having seen the stranger before, and Mr. Goodwin, after worrying over the thing and cudgeling his brain for a time, could stand the suspense no longer and went over to the stranger.

"Pardon me, sir," said the actor in his most polite tones, "but I feel as if I knew you well. So stupid of me in forgetting your name. I am Mr. Goodwin—'Nat' Goodwin—and I trust your memory is better than mine and that you can recall where we have met."

"Certainly, Mr. Goodwin," replied the stranger with a profound bow. "I have the first chair at —'s shop up here on Broadway. I shaved you yesterday."

"Ah, so you did; so you did," replied the comedian in far away tones. "I am glad to meet you again."

Then Mr. Goodwin went back to his party and called for "something all around."—St. Louis Star.

Needed the Lord's Aid Badly.

Little Harriet O'Neil is the five-year-old daughter of Walter O'Neil, assistant secretary of the Milwaukee Mutual Life Insurance Company, and the granddaughter of the late George Wiswell. Harriet has a will of her own, and while the birch is never used, it becomes necessary at times to confine the pugnacious youngster to the depths of a dark closet.

One day last week Harriet was unusually naughty, and was punished accordingly. That night before being tucked away in her little bed she got down on her knees and said the following prayer:

"Oh, Lord, please bless papa and bless mamma, and make me a good girl, and dear Lord, you will have to try awful hard this time, for I have been locked up in the closet three times today."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

BRUIN ON A SPREE.

Invaded a Dairy, Drank His Fill and Was Happy.

The proverbial bull in a china shop has found an imitator in a bear which has been paying an uninvited visit to an establishment where milk is dispensed, but in order to relieve immediately any anxiety which might be felt on this subject, I hasten to add that bruin behaved extremely well, and that no bones or crockery were broken. The bear was being exhibited on one of the outlying boulevards when its owner in an absent-minded fit relaxed his hold on the chain.

The animal took advantage of this situation to start on a promenade, and when the people who had gathered round to witness the show bolted panic-stricken in every direction, it pursued the even tenor of its way until it had reached the shop, at the door of which a pail of milk was standing. It seized the can in its paws, walked into the establishment, and squatting comfortably in a corner, drank off the contents at one gulp.

When the owner of the bear arrived on the spot he found the worthy woman who keeps the milkship lying prone on the floor behind the counter in a state of abject terror, but otherwise not a bit the worse for the adventure. He patted bruin, who was in an even more amiable mood than usual after the little feast to which he had treated himself, duly paid the bill which he had run up, adding a trifling sum to compensate the tradeswoman for her fright, and then he sallied forth in triumph with his grizzly companion, who during the remainder of the day went through his evolutions with even more zeal and energy than he was wont to display, so that when his owner finally wended his way homeward he discovered that he had far exceeded his usual average of profits, and had more than recuperated himself for the money spent on the milk—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

Street Car Employe Who Knew the Value of Money.

Not long ago a director of the street railway company, who was unknown to most of the employes, came to Kansas City to look over the roads. He thought he would speak to some of the men to find out how they liked the treatment they were getting from the company. Accordingly he got on a cable car and began to question the gripman.

"How do you like to work for the company?" he asked.

"Pretty well," answered the man at the lever.

"How much do you make a month?"

"About $55."

"What do you do with it all?"

"Oh, I pay grocery bills, butchers' bills, and support myself and family."

"What do you do with the rest?"

"I buy shoes for the children and books, so they can go to school."

"What do you do with the rest of it?"

"Well, I have to pay rent, of course."

"What do you do with the rest?" asked the persistent questioner.

"I pay doctor's bills, because, you know, people get sick sometimes."

"But, surely," ventured the director again, "that can't take all your salary. What do you do with the rest?"

"Well, I'll tell you," whispered the gripman, confidentially, "the rest I pack in barrels and store away in the cellar."

The director got off at the next crossing. The newspaper man on the seat behind, who also had barrels in his cellar, only winked at the gripman and smiled sympathetically.—Kansas City Star.

THE EYE'S BLIND SPOT.

A Phenomenon Not Discovered Until Charles II's Time.

If I wrote an article about the eye and said nothing about the blind spot, which is where the optic nerve comes through into the retina, about one-tenth of an inch nearer the nose than the center, I suppose my readers would go to the box office and demand their money back.

Just to be different from other people, though, I will not print a cross-mark here and a dot over there and tell you how to look at it so that the dot will disappear. I could make a big round spot more than three-quarters of an inch in diameter realize that it was only mortal mind and had no real entity, but I won't. I know a better scheme. Close your fists with your thumbs outside and hold against each other. Extend your arms. Shut your left eye and look fixedly with your right eye at your left thumb. Separate your hands, and when they are about six inches apart the right thumb will go out of business temporarily, for its picture will fall on the blind spot.

Now, here's the curious part of it. Though men have tried all sorts of experiments on themselves for unknown thousands of years, this phenomenon was not discovered until the time of Charles II, of England. The blind spot leaves no hole in the picture of the outside world, but there being no stimulation on that spot, there is not consciousness of a lack, but a lack of consciousness.—Ainslee's Magazine.

TEETH IN THE ARMY.

Dentists Sent to South Africa to Attend the Soldiers.

After twenty-one months' fighting four dental surgeons have been sent to South Africa to attend to the teeth of the army. Thus does the war office put forth stupendous efforts to atone for past ineptitude.

In an army of 250,000 men these four surgeons should be kept tolerably busy. No soldier who has campaigned six months in Africa will, if he be wise, neglect a chance of having his teeth examined. Each surgeon, therefore, will have a clientele of 62,500 officers and men. Assuming that on every day of the week, including Sunday, thirty men are treated by each dentist, the teeth of the army will have been overhauled and the work of excavating and filling completed in something over sixty-nine months. It should console a man on active service suffering today from toothache in a precious molar, which he can ill afford to lose, to know that he will not troubled with the agonizing pain later than April, 1907.

In the unequal struggle between trek ox and biscuit on the one hand and mere human teeth on the other, not 5 per cent of the men of my company came through scatheless. In many cases the damage was slight; in others, where the teeth were naturally weak and brittle, the mischief done was irreparable. Even with an average set, straining on an average biscuit, you never felt quite certain which would be the first to go—your teeth or your biscuit.—Pall Mall Gazette.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

Its Appreciation Impossible to the Average Englishman.

Clinton Fiske has a friend, an Englishman by birth and an American by force of circumstances, who has been in this country long enough to absorb the American idea of humor. Last summer he was in London on a visit, and happening to have business with a man on an upper floor of a tall building took the "lift" to reach his office. The elevator was one of those excessively deliberate affairs, and its snail-like progress annoyed the Americanized Briton. The only other occupant of the car was a middle-aged Englishman with a manner of peculiarly English seriousness. The man from America ventured to address him:

"I think I could make a great improvement in this lift," he said.

The Englishman looked seriously interested. "How?" he asked.

"Why," the other man went on, "I'd make it go faster by a simple little arrangement. I'd stop the lift altogether and move the building up and down."

The Englishman looked slightly more interested.

"How?" he asked.

CHARGED WITH THEFT.

Richmond's Smart Set Startled by Accusation of a Society Leader.

The Richmond "smart set" was thrown into an intense state of suppressed excitement when it became noised abroad a day or two ago that one of its most prominent and exclusive young ladies had laid a serious charge at the door of a well-known and universally popular young man. The accusation is everywhere received with indignation, though even retentive tongues cannot refrain repeating it and the very air of this circle echoes with the often-told incident.

The story runs thus: The aforesaid gentleman made an engagement with the fair damsel for a recent german, and was told that the latter's carriage was at his disposal. The eventful night arrived and he, donning his dress clothes, settled himself to await the conveyance. Minutes slipped into hours and he received no call.

At 10:30 he strolled around to investigate. There awaited him, in the place of the usual welcoming smiles, a stony stare. His apology for being late she considered worse than the offence. Yet, because of "nothing better," she consented to go with him. He informed her that his physical lassitude at that hour was so overpowering that she was fortunate to have him at all.

During the german the young lady decided to go to the depot to meet a friend, and on their way down she gave him a watch which she was wearing for safekeeping. The train was late, so they returned to the german. As they entered the hall the young man handed back the watch, which his companion took, and noting the hour, remarked that they were just in time for supper. That is the last seen of it.

A few days later the young man was the recipient of a cleverly-phrased note, in which he was asked to return the watch, which the writer doubted not, he needed; yet she would rather he would take somebody's else.

Surprised and indignant, the young man hastened to see her; there he found a re- No explanations were necessary, so he was informed, since the matter was in the ception like to a plunge in a shower bath. hands of her guardian.

The guardian was next seen, after which the young man decided to replace the missing watch.

A try of watches from one of the jewelry establishments was sent up, but returned untouched.

Thus the matter stands. Conjectures and surmises are numerous as to the outcome, but from present prospects the mystery will remain unsolved, for the young man has done even more than is required of him, and the young lady is at this writing minus a watch.—Richmond Dispatch.

DYNAMITE NOT DANGEROUS.

That Is If It Is Kept in a Swinging Hammock.

Edward McDonald, an expert diver, residing in Long Island City, who has blown up a great many wrecks with dynamite and is thoroughly familiar with that explosive, has been consulted in reference to giving expert testimony in connection with the tunnel explosion. He has personally handled over 50,000 pounds of dynamite in his business of blowing up wrecked vessels and has slept alongside of thousands of pounds of it and has never had an accident. He had charge of the removal of the wreck of the English tramp steamer Nankin, sunk in the Swash Channel in 1883, and used 10,000 pounds of dynamite to break up the wreck. He made his home on a schooner anchored near the wreck and had the dynamite under his hammock on the vessel.

When asked for his opinion as to the cause of the tunnel explosion, he said it was certainly not caused by fire.

"I have lighted my pipe with a sick of dynamite," he said. "There is nothing to fear from it coming in contact with fire. The explosion in the shanty might have been indirectly due to a fire, but if it was started in that way the percussion caps that fire the sticks of dynamite must have been in the shanty with the explosive.

"The only way to keep dynamite safely is to have it resting in a sort of hammock, with room to swing a considerable distance each way. If that is done percussion caps may be exploded near it with safety. I have never allowed dynamite to rest on a solid spot. Wherever it is handled by a man who understands his business it never blows up. Thawing dynamite is an every-day affair and not attendant with any danger unless the percussion caps are put on the sticks.

"While such jobs as the subway excavation are going on in New York city the people will not be safe unless the dynamite is kept in swinging hammocks and the percussion caps stored some little distance away from it. Sometimes a blast is set off near the power shanty, but if the dynamite is swinging it does not feel the shock."—New York World.

TEACHER'S SOCIETY RIGHTS.

Tennessee School Trustees Tried to Limit Them and Failed.

A despatch from Nashville, Tenn., says: "Because Miss Frances Copass, a talented and popular young instructor at the Hall-Moody Institute, at Martin, went into society too much to suit the venerable trustees of the institution, she was discharged as a teacher, though she had a contract for a year's work. No cause for the discharge was assigned, save that she failed to comply with the demands made of her. Public sentiment was aroused, and the people of the town demanded that she assert her rights on the contract.

"She brought suit for salary. At the trial the evidence developed the fact that her qualifications as a teacher were first class, and that her work in the school room gave universal satisfaction. The defence claimed by the trustees was that they had a right to regulate when and how often she should attend social functions, and that they had demanded of her that she should not go into 'society' more than three times a week. Miss Copass proved conclusively that she had never had callers more than once or twice a week.

"A large crowd turned out to the trial. The young woman won the suit, and it is now up to the trustees to reinstate Miss Copass or pay her for a year's work as provided under the contract."

WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

Spoken Words Transmitted Through the Ground Without Difficulty.

The very acme of achievement in the transmission of messages would seem to have been reached in the wireless telephone system which has recently been developed by Prof. A. Frederick Collins, an electrical engineer residing in Philadelphia. Spoken words are transmitted great distances through the ground without the use of a connecting wire, and in accordance with a plan totally different from that of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.

The Collins system simply takes advantage of the fact that there are natural electrical currents in evidence slightly below the surface of the earth at any point that may be selected, and by this invention currents of this character are utilized to cause a flow of electricity between two instruments stationed above the surface of the earth.

The only underground mechanism employed consists of small zinc-wire screens, which are buried in shallow holes, one at the sending station and the other at the receiving station. Above these are tripods supporting transmitting and receiving apparatus, such as is employed in ordinary telephony, a wire affording connection in each case with the buried screen. When the electricity from a storage battery is turned on, sounds of all kinds may be sent through the transmitter, and heard, in many instances, even more distinctly than were a regular overhead telephone employed.

The Collins invention in its simplest form is adapted to sending a message but one way—that is, it is not possible to utilize a receiver as a transmitter and reply to a message received, but the transmitter and received are each equipped with an annex for performing the opposite function, so that to all intents and purposes this new telephone is not different from the instruments in use.—Harper's for February.

CEILING DECORATIONS.

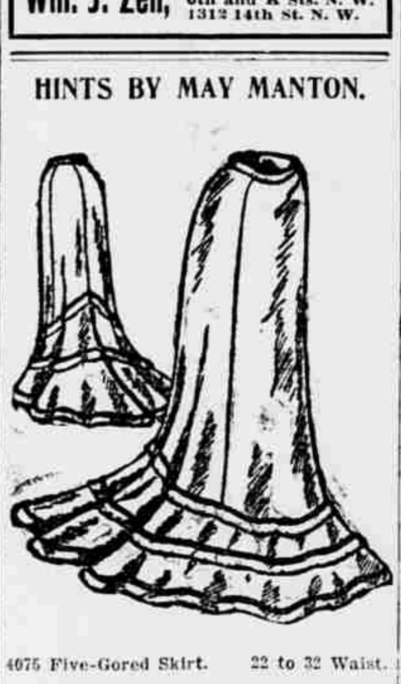
Curious and Expensive Fad of a Russian Nobleman.

A Russian nobleman of immense wealth has hit upon a curious method of ceiling decoration. Every ceiling in his mansion contains a fresco dealing with an episode in the career of his ancestors, and the whole forms what is perhaps a unique example of inner-roof ornamentation. Nearly 500,000 rubles has been expended upon this extraordinary work.

Less extravagant, but undoubtedly quite as curious, is the ceiling decorations of a certain London householder, who has covered the surface in question with canceled checks, returned to him through his bank. At first glance the real nature of this quaint embellishment is not apparent to the spectator, but the effect of the same is said to be positively charming.

A Tuscan noble, who flourished during the seventeenth century, had the ceilings of his palace lined with exquisite mirrors of the finest quality of glass, while a contemporary of his adopted a similar device, the mirrors, however, being flecked with gorgeous flowers of all hues of the rainbow. The effect presented by the latter decoration was reputed to be exceedingly picturesque, and one may well conceive that such was indeed the case.

HINTS BY MAY MANTON.



4075 Five-Gored Skirt. 22 to 32 Waist.

Woman's Five-gored Skirt. Lengthened by Graduated-Circular Flounce. No. 4075.

No skirt is more generally satisfactory than the one cut in five gores. This admirable model includes an upper portion so shaped and a graduated circular flounce seamed to the lower edge, and is shaped to fit with perfect snugness at the upper portion, while it flares at the lower, and the flounce falls in graceful folds and ripples. The original is made of sage green veiling, with trimming of bias folds headed with black and white fancy silk braid that are arranged at the foot in centre and over the seaming of the flounce and skirt, but all dress materials are suitable, and tailor stitching, with corticelli silk, can be substituted for the bands when preferred. Both front and side gores are narrow in conformity with the latest style, and the fitting is accomplished without hip darts. The fullness at the back is laid in inverted plaits that are pressed quite flat. The flounce is curved to give the fashionable fullness and is seamed to the lower edge.

To cut this skirt in the medium size, 9¾ yards of material 21 inches wide, 8½ yards 27 inches wide, 7½ yards 32 inches wide, 4¾ yards 44 inches wide, or 4¼ yards 50 inches wide, will be required.

The pattern, 4075, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

For this pattern, send 10c enclosed in letter addressed to Pattern Department, Washington Times. If wanted in a hurry, send 2-cent stamp for postage. Be sure and state number and size of pattern wanted, and write address plainly.

CENTRE OF CREATIVE ART.

That, Says Sculptor MacMonnies Is America's Destiny.

Frederick William MacMonnies, one of the leading sculptors of the world, born an American, has just come home to live and work in his native land. After seventeen years' residence in Paris, it would be natural to suspect a man of Parisian leanings. Not so with Mr. MacMonnies.

"I have come back because I am homesick," said he. One must go, in his opinion, to the hotbed of his art or his profession, work there a long time, always studying, and "then with the training of years in the best school, let the man return to his own country and apply what he has learned to its needs. The possibilities in this country for sculpture are magnificent. I can't imagine anything finer. There is a splendid, unmistakable movement in the United States toward having all that is beautiful and true. Some of the finest things in the world's sculpture have been called forth by patriotism. There are no people in the world so patriotic as the Americans."

That does not sound as if the American nation was composed of money grabbers and stock brokers alone. When we can remind ourselves of Abbey and Sargent and MacMonnies and know they are all Americans wherever they may be and when, every now and then, one or the other speaks thus of the outlook—Mr. Abbey yesterday, Mr. MacMonnies today, Mr. Sargent or someone else tomorrow—then there is much to be said of the future of American arts. These men have sought the best place to learn, and they come home from time to time to do work in their own land. It was not so a quarter or half a century ago.

It is so today, and George Meredith was right, when he said that soon, in twenty-five, in fifty years—the centre of creative art would be in America. Even if Boston did not like Mr. MacMonnies' "Bacchante," it is a work of great art. And so was the fountain at Chicago, and so is the equestrian statue of General Slocum, soon to be set up in Brooklyn. So, let us hope, will be many more pieces of sculpture from the clay of the newly returned American.—Harper's Weekly.

Limerick's Pretty Girls.

There is a freshness of face, lustrousness of eyes, healthfulness of color and complexion about the Limerick girls that carry off the sweepstakes trophy. The girls of Cork and of the Lakes—in fact, of the country all the way down from Dublin—are somewhat of the Limerick order. In form they constitute a happy medium between the rotund English maids across one channel and the sylphlike Parisian demoiselles beyond the other. But the Limerick face is the perfection of female beauty—a human ceramic without a blemish.—St. James' Gazette.